"FROM DANGER PLUCK SAFETY," see page ii of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 488. SATURDAY. OCTOBER 9. 1915. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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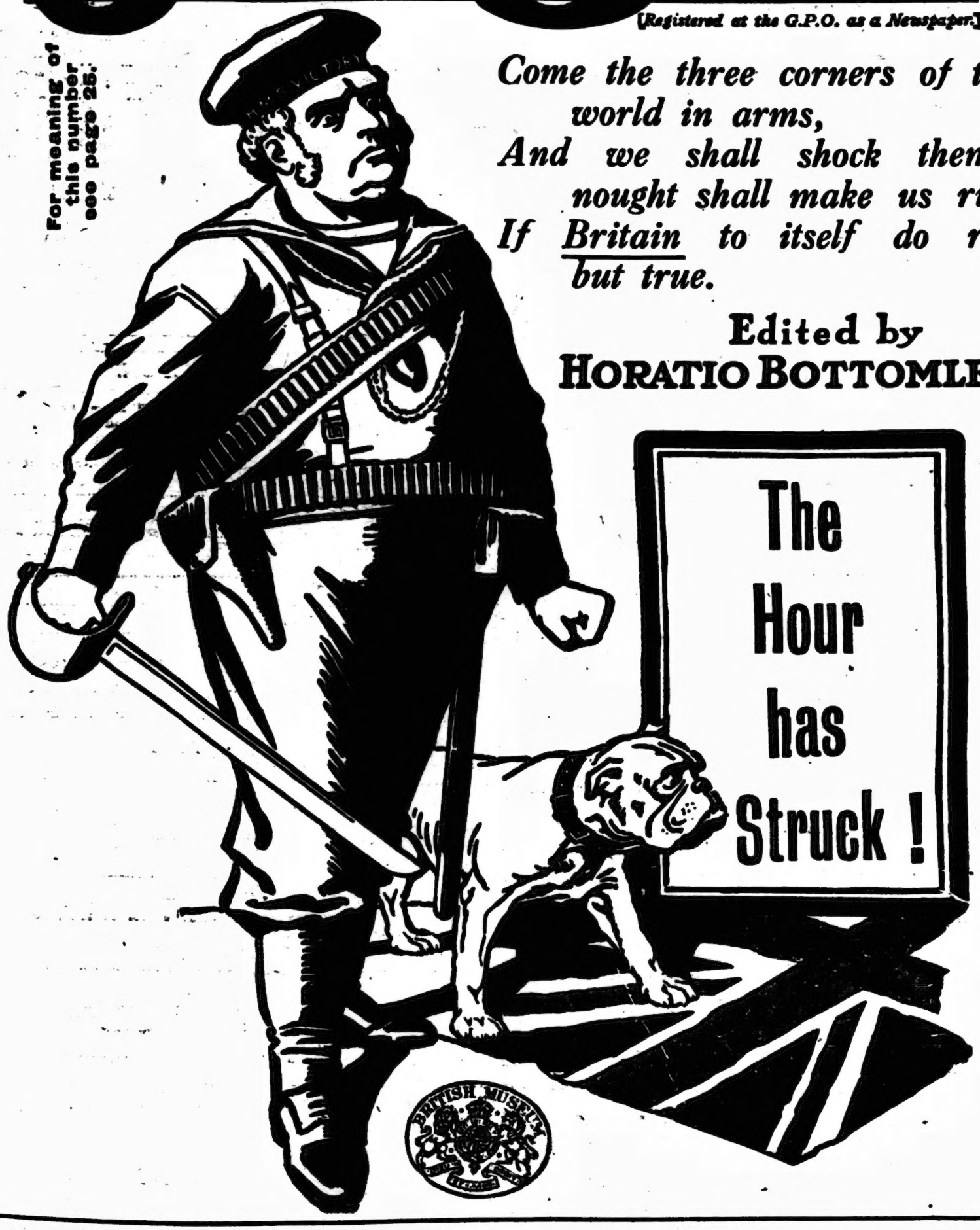
For meaning of this number see page 25.



Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" now exceeds 1,300,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL · WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TO US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Oct. 9th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... *Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

Oct. 9th, 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE- COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

OLD CALABAR

"RABALAC"

is the ideal food and body builder (spell it backwards). The name implies the quality. Booklet and Samples of all foods for Dogs or Poultry sent free by the Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, Eng.

IMPORTANT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 25.

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every Asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops and you can breathe easily.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value, accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tells all about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day.

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

John Bull's Guarantee

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money

KILL THAT INSECT. TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of

HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE

—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

LOANS.

The Ellesmere Port and Whitby Urban District Council invite offers of Loans for 3, 5, 7, or 10 years at 4½ . Offers must be submitted to Thos. W. Francis, Clerk to the Council, Council Offices, Ellesmere Port

You Must Read

The remarkable and brilliant article by

Mr. Bottomley

in this week's "Everywoman's Weekly." It is the second of the Soul-stirring Messages to Women appearing weekly under the title of

'IF I WERE A WOMAN'

Last week's issue was sold out on day of publication. Make sure of reading this week's by obtaining a copy to-day.

Everywoman's Weekly

NOW ON SALE, 1d.

AT ALL BOOKSTALLS AND NEWSAGENTS.

Riley Billiards in Thousands of Homes for a small first payment of 8/6.

GREAT FREE TRIAL OFFER to prove the enjoyment it gives. Think of it! Just a Postal Order NOW, and years of continuous enjoyment are given your household. Healthy, happy amusement that adds an enjoyment to home life. Recreation for young or old—and Billiards is a game that's easy to learn on a Riley Miniature Table which is so perfectly proportioned and so well made that any expert player delights in making the most difficult strokes on it.

One of these delightful Riley Miniature Tables is despatched to your door, carriage paid (no charge for packages), within two or three days from receipt of your P.O. for 8s. 6d. If you're not completely satisfied after seven whole days' trial, pack up the Table, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed.

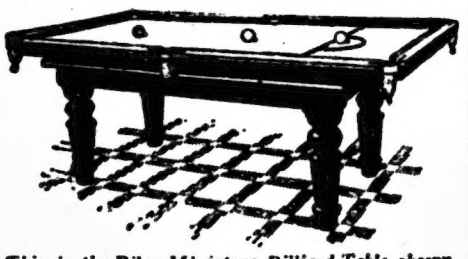
8/6 DOWN

brings to your home

Riley's Miniature Billiard Table.

8s. 6d. down—and then whilst you are getting the enjoyment from the Table you pay the balance in 12 monthly payments of 8s. 6d.

Cash price 5 Guineas—a delightfully convenient size to fit LIVE an ordinary table, and to fit any ordinary sized room. Measures 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. Other sizes—prices in proportion.



This is the Riley Miniature Billiard Table, shown resting on ordinary table.

IN addition to the Miniature Tables, Riley's have another style—which may be paid for by monthly payments over a period of 13 or 18 months—the

"COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This size also can be secured on easy payments spread over a period of 13 or 18 months. Cash prices are from £13 10s.

FREE. On receipt of a postcard, full detailed Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and full or small sized Tables or Sundries

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Premier Works, Accrington,

Y6, London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

YOU ARE A LOVER OF ANIMALS

A Patient under Treatment at the Front.

READ THIS.

WHAT THE R.S.P.C.A. FUND IS DOING.

It is working with the approval of the British War Office, in conjunction with the British Army Veterinary Corps, for the Horses of the British Army, and is the only fund that has been authorised for this purpose. It is supplementing the provision already made by the British War Office, and is supplying motor lorries, horse ambulances, corn crushers and chaff cutters driven by petrol engines, rugs, halters, bandages, and other veterinary requisites; it has provided a Veterinary Hospital to accommodate 2,500 horses, and is now building another for 1,250 patients, besides giving shelters to hold 500 horses. The R.S.P.C.A. has in addition trained and sent to the British Army Veterinary Corps, for enlistment, nearly 200 men, including many of the Society's own Inspectors, and is giving special lectures on the care and treatment of horses to N.C.O.s and other soldiers. The R.S.P.C.A. has also helped the British Army Horse at home, by supplying ambulances, rugs, humane killers, veterinary stores and medicaments to regiments all over the country.

One of the many R.S.P.C.A. Floats at the Front.

Can you, as a lover of horses, ignore such a noble work as this? We need your sympathy and help for our Wounded Horses. **In the name of humanity we beg you to send us a Donation**

Send it now to

E. C. FAIRHOLME, Hon. Sec. Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals 105, Jermyn St., London, W.

Write for gratis booklet describing the work of the R.S.P.C.A. Fund, with article by John Galsworthy.

The Letters of Colonel Carefree, D.S.O.

Extracts from

A Letter to Fred at the Front.

Dear Fred,

. . . . . Now about the Cigarettes . . . . I am not sending the ones you asked for, because I have discovered some that are a great deal better. As you will see, they are called Grand Cut Cigarettes, being made from the bright leaves picked from the well known Grand Cut Tobacco, and Grand Cut Tobacco has really no serious competitors and never has had. Consequently, if we judge Cigarettes by the Tobacco of which they are made, we must give top place to Grand Cut.

As you know, I was never keen on Cigarettes, but these Grand Cuts have quite got me. Your mother says I have become a regular Cigarette fiend now-a-days. Let me know how many packets I have to send you out every week.

Yours affectionately,

Dad.

If you are an expert of Tobacco, you will know how excellent is the quality of the tobacco of which Grand Cut Cigarettes are made. If you are an expert on cigarettes, you will smoke Grand Cuts in preference to all others.

Grand Cut

Virginia Cigarettes

10 for 4d.

Portrait of Admiral Sir D. Beatty.

Have You been to the Scala?

The Birth of a Nation is the final word in Motion Pictures.

"Time after time the audience broke out into sustained outbursts of applause." — *Graphic.*

. D. W. GRIFFITHS' . MIGHTY SPECTACLE

TWICE DAILY
. 2.30 and 8 .

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

£5,800 in Prizes

And SO easy!!!

Whoever you are—*wherever* you are—you have an equal opportunity with everyone else to secure a big prize.

This competition will be equally divided over seven separate districts in GREAT BRITAIN. (For Ireland there is a separate competition.) In *each* district will be awarded

1st Prize, £200

2nd Prize,	£100	5 Prizes of		£5	each
3rd "	£50	40	"	£1	"
4th "	£25	250	"	10/-	"
5th "	£10	400	"	5/-	"

1,000 Boxes of Chocolates, 2/6 each

Simply send your estimate of the number of tins of Nestlé's Milk sold in your district during the 12 months ending November 30, 1915.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

Your own Grocer will give you, free, a handbill with full instructions for your district, together with figures showing the exact sales in your district for 1913 and 1914. These figures will serve as a very valuable guide in estimating.

Send in by NOON, NOV. 30, 1915,
to the address given on the handbill for your district.

HOW TO COMPETE.—Simply cut off the portion of label on tin of Nestlé's Milk on which is printed the Trade-Mark. On the back write your name and address, and your estimate in plain figures—nothing else.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 488. Week ending Saturday, October 9th, 1915. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Our Campaign.

We are just back from Blackpool (our second visit), Swansea, Cardiff, and Nottingham; and our next engagements are Accrington (Sunday), Liverpool (Monday), Middlesbrough (Tuesday), and Sunderland (Wednesday). Then we come back to town for a few days' work.

Gra'eful and Comforting.

From a Commanding Officer: "It may interest you to know that out of forty recruits who joined our battalion last week, 37 said they had enlisted on reading or hearing your appeal."

A Revelation.

We were privileged the other day to see the first figures in connection with the Pink Form summary of the recent Registration—and were startled to discover that sixty per cent. of men of eligible military age were *single men, without dependents.* Come, Mr. Lloyd George—what about that Director of Recruiting?

Munitions Scandals.

Grave scandals have come to our knowledge connected with the manipulation, by certain officials, of munition orders; and, at our instance, a full Inquiry is now being held. More anon.

An Amateur War Lord.

By the way, we were struck with the appearance of Lloyd George's office when, the other day, we called upon him. It seems but as yesterday that the emotional little Welshman was touring the country in his anti-Boer war campaign; and now he sits surrounded by specimens of the shot and shell of all nations—and positively revels in dissecting and comparing the various deadly missiles. How the *tempus* does *fugit*, to be sure!

More Spoof.

Who *is* responsible for this sort of thing?

> Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians the other day visited the first line trenches. She walked over six miles along the front. At one point a lively cannonade came from the German lines. The Queen, without losing for a moment her sangfroid, was conducted by officers and men to a shelter covered with earth and faggots, where she waited, chatting gaily, until the rain of shells had ceased. Several of the shells burst not far from the fragile casement.

A queen who in such circumstances can "chat gaily" puts Boadicea in the shade.

A Hint to the Police.

Will the City Police make a call upon Messrs. Millais et Cie., of 29–30, Cock Lane?

Daily Citizen Creditors.

What is this we hear about the creditors of the defunct *Daily Citizen* being offered 15s. in the pound?

"Ought Not!"

Questioned in Parliament as to how military prisoners who have escaped became possessed of private civilian clothes, Mr. Tennant said "they *ought not* to be able to secure mufti." And Mr. Tennant is Under Secretary for War!

If I Were a Woman!

How many of our men readers have ever tried to look at this war from the woman's point of view? *That* is what we are doing—in *Everywoman's Weekly*—which, by the way, is the neatest, cleanest little paper for wife and sister—the daughter and the sweetheart—which we have seen.

"Hats" Off!

So poor Mr. M'Kenna has had to take off that silly tax on hats and other things—including plate glass! And by the way, when Mr. Asquith says that the sole purpose of these "protectionist" imposts is to lessen the consumption of luxuries, does he include plate glass in the category? Are all our shop windows to be fitted with thin, common stuff in these Zeppelin days?

Pulling Our Leg?

Writing from "Maida Vale," in a suspiciously Teutonic hand, a correspondent signing himself "Nathan Blumfield" says: "I am a natural-born British subject, and intend to change my name to 'Nelson Bottomley.' Will you please state whether you have any objection?" But why leave Lord Kitchener out? He, too, is Horatio!

That Zeppelin Story.

Several correspondents have asked why we described the story of the recent Zeppelin raid, ascribed to the German Commander and issued with the leave of the Press Bureau, as a mere bit of "spoof." Our advice to these simple people is to get an aviator to take them up 6,000 feet, and then they will find that instead of being able to locate railway stations and banks, they could cover the whole of London with the palm of the hand.

"Blood will Tell."

And so poor "Tommy Robartes" has gone! Only the other day we were present at a little social function to wish him Godspeed; and now all we can say is, God speed him to eternal rest, and honour.

The little Pen with the big reputation. The "John Bull" Pen.

What Will You Take?

Soon after this appears in print it is probable that the man who stands another man a drink will be sorry. And he will be just as sorry if he stands a drink to his wife or his mother, or his sister, or anybody else's sister. What is the fact in the pub will be the fact in the club. Consider for horrible warning what has happened at Gateshead. A man named Blaylock was fined £2 for treating a friend named Hewitt to a glass of beer; Hewitt was fined £2 for consuming the beer; the manager of the hotel was fined £5 for supplying it, and the landlord of the hotel was fined £5 for allowing it to be supplied. Why in a free country there should be all this pother and punishment on account of a glass of beer would be inexplicable, except on the abnegating principle that nobody must stand a drink to anybody because somebody gets drunk when he takes a drink from everybody; but if incidentally it makes the man who takes a drink with everybody yet offers a drink to nobody stand a drink to himself, the new regulation will certainly not be in vain.

The Bill of Costs.

It is not always a bad thing to take a leaf out of the enemy's book, and, if report speaks true, the Turkish Government has hit upon a useful plan for the squaring of accounts in connection with enemy bombardments. The attacks of the Allied forces have, it is said, been "in conflict with the principles of humanity," and it is intended that the victims of these unpleasant onslaughts shall in future receive liberal compensation, to be paid out of the property of nationals of hostile countries. This little game is obviously one at which two can play, and the suggestion that German residents in Great Britain should be required to compensate the victims of Zeppelin attacks and other offensive movements against the civil population is by no means a novel one. In any case, the score of damage under these heads should be faithfully recorded for future reference and settlement. We are told that there is about a hundred millions of alien property in England—so we have plenty of security.

Pollution by Post.

A Scottish professor is highly annoyed with the Post Office because it brings him from Zurich an undesired and undesirable copy of a German magazine called *The International Review*. He strongly objects to be on the free list of a publication that blackens Britain and whitewashes Germany. The editor and nearly all the contributors are Germans, but the unholy list contains the names of three persons whom we scarcely care to call British. They are Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., the Hon. Bertrand Russell, and Mr. Edmund D. Morel. These persons calmly accept and maintain the Teuton view, to the detriment of this country, and it is small wonder that the Scottish professor squirms at receiving what he calls "this pestiferous and mendacious stuff." By distributing it, the Post Office is lending its aid to the machinations of the enemy.

"Tommy's Troubles."

Our soldier readers will have no difficulty in identifying the "London paper" referred to in the following passage of an article in the *Daily Mail*: "An ingenious lance-corporal advertised in a London paper that he would like to hear from friends at home, and signed himself 'Lonely Soldier.' His plaintive appeal struck such a sympathetic cord in the breasts of readers that, six days later, he received two bulging sackfuls of letters and twenty-seven parcels of gifts." But the Lonely one did not "advertise." We do not charge Tommy anything for ventilating his troubles—God bless him!

The Tea-Shop.

Sir Joseph Lyons has been interviewed about the new food taxes, and has graciously declared: "For my own part, I am not grumbling at the extra imposts." Then, probably, he smiled that soft, innocent smile of his, the one that does not come off in a hurry. For, as is pointed out by a reader who has gone into figures, Sir Joseph, not for the first time, stands on velvet, and need not worry about his 60 per cent. dividend. The price of a cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa, taken in a tea-shop, has been advanced one halfpenny. Now, says our calculating friend, the increased duty on cocoa is ½d. per lb., and it is advertised that cocoa produces 120 cups to the lb. A rise of ½d. per cup would tax the public to the extent of 5s. One pound of coffee will make 60 cups., producing 2s. 6d. to cover the new penny tax. Tea made in separate pots will produce 60 pots to the pound; this also brings the tea-shop 2s. 6d. to cover the new duty of 4d. Sugar costs more, and so may knock a penny or so off these profits, but the figures remain almost intact to show what the tea-shop stands to gain when a halfpenny extra per cup is charged. Please let it be fully understood that we have not ourselves performed these feats of producing 60 pots of tea from one pound of the leaf, or 60 cups of coffee from one pound of the roasted berry. It is our correspondent who has set forth these things, but we see no cause to doubt their general truth. The tea-shop customer, paying an extra bawbee, will be paying far more than his fair share.

The Soldier's Home.

Ludlow Police Court was recently the scene of an application for an ejectment order against a soldier's wife. It was sought to turn her and her six children out of her cottage at Woodhouses, Bromfield, and the gentleman seeking to do this arbitrary thing was Thomas Mellings, farmer, of Bromfield. The soldier, now with the colours, had been his coachman, and Mellings actually complained in court that the man "only gave him about an hour's notice before he left to go away"—proof, surely, how ready and willing he was to go and do his duty the very moment he was called up. Mr. Mellings, we understand, possesses reliable information concerning two or three young men, eligible, strong, and unmarried, who have by no means shown equal readiness to serve their country, who have not gone yet, and do not look like going now—despite the fine example of alacrity shown by that coachman whose wife must now "turn out" from her home. The woman has tried hard to get another house, but without success, and the Magistrate adjourned the case, advising her to try once more in the meantime. But cottages in the country are hard to find, and we hope the Bench will show the utmost lenience to the family of such a prompt and eager soldier.

The Best Fresh.

The great battle of butter *versus* margarine is being waged in Swansea, where the Guardians seem to find the question continually turning up, like a recurring decimal. Somebody has a notion that margarine should be supplied in the workhouse instead of butter, and, though that idea be scotched at one meeting, it bobs up again serenely at the next. The present scheme is for the Clerk to find out what other institutions are doing, and then, when the information arrives, the Guardians will fight the affair all over once more. The people at the workhouse may, meanwhile, comfort themselves in the knowledge that a tender for the supply of butter for the next three months has been accepted. And we hope their good luck may continue.

A treat in store. Read Mr. Bottomley's article in "Everywoman's Weekly."

That Bournemouth Bench.

Bournemouth seems bent on keeping itself in the public's eye, not always creditably. The other day a sailor's wife was summoned for not sending her three children regularly to school. The good mother explained the reason; it was because the kiddies were without boots. She had an excuse for that, too; it was not because of her fault, but because "her husband was in the Royal Navy, and she had to wait until she received her naval pay to buy them some boots." There were four Magistrates on the Bench, among them being a captain and a doctor. Between them the four gentlemen might have mustered enough sense to adjourn the case while they made inquiries about that slow pay, to find out why it did not come regularly, and if, when it came, it was enough to cover the necessities of a mother and three little ones—the wife and children of a Jack who is away fighting so that Bournemouth may sleep in peace. It was so easy for four Magistrates to help the woman—but they imposed a fine of 10s. instead. Now, when her money comes—unless they send her to prison instead of waiting for it—she will have to pay that fine instead of buying boots, and perhaps the children will be obliged to stay away from school a little longer. We wonder, occasionally, how it comes that so many nincompoops are picked for elevation to the Magisterial Bench.

Sunday Drill.

Prestatyn Volunteer Training Corps drills twice a week in a garage, and it was suggested that at least one weekly drill in the open air might be a decided advantage. It was then proposed in meeting that one hour's drill should take place each Sunday, either before or after church time. But that extremely wicked idea was promptly knocked on the head; indeed, it was a bold man who dared to propose it in Prestatyn. One opponent of the heinous scheme was a Mr. E. T. Williams, who said he would sooner break away entirely from the corps than drill on a Sunday. What could he say to the children, he asked, if they saw him running about a field with a wooden gun? He said he was so careful to set the children a good example that he "did not smoke in Prestatyn," but he did not tell where it was he went to for his customary three draws. The Rev. Mr. Mocatta said frankly that he smoked in the schoolroom—as a warning to the pupils. Other gentlemen wished to know whether or not they should fight on a Sunday, if necessity arose, and the ultra-good folk by no means had it all their own way in the argument. But they won where winning counts—in the votes; Prestatyn has decided against the enormity of a Sunday drill. It is, perhaps, not of much real importance, except as another instance of the narrow mind that can never take a broad view.

Lucky Cocoa.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer must have felt as brave as some Lieutenant Daring in real life when he made up his mind to put a tax on cocoa. You have only to remember that cocoa has not been touched by any Budget since 1845, when the duty was fixed at 1d., and then you may begin to realise how strong in politics and in the press is the influence of the Quakers, who mainly rule the trade. Mr. McKenna evidently thought it was high time to tackle these gentlemen, so, taking his courage in both hands, he actually had the supreme nerve to put a tax on cocoa of—one whole halfpenny per pound! Messrs. Cadbury assure us that, as they have good stocks in hand, they have no intention—at present—of raising the price of their commodity; blandly announcing that "they, themselves, will bear the burden of the additional duty." And, we imagine, they can very well afford to do so.

The Workmen's Car.

"If"—the voice in plaintive protest rises from Barrow-in-Furness—"if you are coming to this place, don't use the tramcars unless you are going to the cemetery!" 'Tis the voice of a workman, We hear him complain; And shall his sad story Be told us in vain? We hope not, but, perhaps, we had better recount it in plain, unvarnished prose. The Barrow cars, says our friend, who is working on munitions, are badly mismanaged at meal hours, with the consequent result that Little Mary has to suffer. Often there are hundreds of men waiting for cars that come not; while a quarter of an hour at the Town Hall leaves only ten minutes to get supper in. Even that is preferable to standing outside the works on nights when there is "no car at all." At one portion of the road part of the line is up, and several workmen's cars are side-tracked to allow one ordinary car to pass—perhaps, says our friend, containing only four or five ladies going shopping or to the pictures. But he must not blame the dear girls for that; we are sure they would gladly give way and watch the men go by. Our informant says he will wager that Krupp's workmen have a better service of cars, and, if his story is correct, we have no doubt he would win his bet. It is up to the authorities to remedy these defects and to see that the men are kept going—and coming. The munition workers of Barrow must not be left in the cart.

War Profits.

There was a comic side to the amazement with which shipowners discovered they were to pay a share of their war profits to the State; they had imagined in their innocence that the Budget left them exempt. They find that all profits made in excess of 6 per cent. will be subject to a tax of 50 per cent. And of course the shipowners are very distressed at the bare idea of such a thing. In Cardiff, especially, they have been talking, the big men protesting that their concern is not for themselves, but for their smaller and weaker brethren. You do not find this sympathy on the part of the "big bugs," as a rule, in any trade or profession; so their present vehement protestations of sorrow on account of their rivals may be taken with a grain of cerebos. One argument they offer is the case of new shipowners who have bought old steamers at enhanced prices, raising the bulk of the money on mortgage, and who were depending on big profits to wipe out their excessive capital outlay, so leaving the vessel at a moderate figure for trading in quieter times when the war ended. This is the most "awful example" they can quote against the tax, but it strikes us as merely an instance of speculating in war profits. Therefore the State steps in to take some of the money that would not accrue if there were no war.

Italy in Middlesbrough.

One of the Middlesbrough policemen is making himself over-zealous in his activities against Italians, and the local Magistrates appear to be encouraging him. On the day Italy declared war on the side of the Allies, half-a-dozen Italians were prosecuted and fined for selling their wares in a quiet side street of the town, but the English sellers were not molested at all. Several times since, Italians have been similarly selected for persecution under the guise of charges of obstruction, while no notice whatever has been taken of identical offences by Englishmen. This is hardly the time to make such distinctions. Can it be that the officials concerned in these cases have got it into their heads that all Italians are fighting for the Germhuns, Austrians and Turks?

If you would make money, make "Bullets."

The Servant's Bruises.

Some servants *are* careless. There is a domestic at Newcastle who is so weak on her legs that she is always falling about the place. Sometimes it would appear that she falls downstairs. We think it must be indiscreet to employ a girl like that; one of these days she may hurt herself and claim damages under the Employers' Liability Act. Besides, it must be inconvenient to keep in the house a girl who insists on falling about and injuring herself so much that she can show bruises on the thigh and on the breast. This Newcastle girl did prove those bruises; her version was that, when she was scrubbing the floor of the dispensary of her employer, Arnold Nixon, a skin specialist, he "kicked her on the thigh and struck her about the breast." The defendant's version was that the girl had no business in the dispensary, where there were poisons, and that, when he ordered her out, "she simply stared at him." He went towards her, and "she hit him on the cheek with the scrubbing brush. He took her by the arm and put her out of the room." The bruises, which certainly existed, could not have been caused by that gentle treatment. They were accounted for by that habit of falling which we have referred to. The Magistrates stopped the hearing, and dismissed the case. To us it seems a sad pity that it was not fully heard, for the sake of both parties.

Greenwich Guardians' Resolve.

Now that the Greenwich Guardians have said what they have said by eight says to two, it seems time that members of the House of Commons "acted according." They earnestly hope, they do, that "during the continuance of the present war, in view of the severe strain upon the national resources, the members of the House of Commons will set a notable example in economy and self-denial to the nation by performing their duties gratuitously, and that those who are members of the Cabinet will accept substantial reductions in their salaries." Let us say at once that, in regard to parliamentary economies of this kind, we are among those of little faith; we do not think many members—fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring—will vote for Mr. Rawlinson's proposal. You could probably count on the fingers of one hand the number of legislators who decline to accept the official salary, and you may take it that the rest anxiously look out for it at the beginning of every quarter. Also it has been agreed that no contentious subjects shall be introduced in debate.

An Unhonoured Discoverer.

A pharmaceutical chemist, in the trenches, tells us that, at some slight inconvenience, he proved the efficacy of a very homely substitute for the hypo of soda, used to saturate the respirators which serve to protect the men from being gassed. He reported to the War Office, and now finds that his method is being imparted to the soldiers by their officers. He complains that he has not been given due credit. He thinks he should, too, have received a substantial fee, as his discovery will save us a tremendous chemical bill, the substitute being provided free, gratis, and for nothing wherever animal life is to be found.

"Bond Certificates Club."

A man named M. T. Clarke is pouring into this country from Hyon, in Switzerland, a quantity of literature concerning his "Bond Certificates Club," the short object of which is evidently to dupe as many foolish, trusting people as can be found Mr. Clarke's game is an old game—a gamble in foreign bonds for the benefit of Clarke. The most suitable place for Clarkeian literature, therefore, is the fire.

"I Saw Three Ships."

Far be it from us to stir up strife in the King's Navee. Yet there is an entertaining side to jealousy between ship and ship—jealousy, mind you, not of the mean kind, which Jack knows nothing of, but just mutual jealousy as to which shall do the more for the country's honour. There is that brave little ship, the *Kent*; the story of how she burned every scrap of woodwork and threw the furniture into the fires when chasing the Germans off the Falkland Islands is an epic of the blue water. But it is felt that the ship's chaplain, writing of this in "Christ's College Magazine," claimed almost too much, or perhaps it was the headlines of a newspaper that erred, for they called the Chaplain's story "New Light" on the victory. And some of the men of the *Glasgow* think the new light rather too glaring. The *Glasgow* was a bit in front of the *Kent*, and her men rely on the *official* report that it was she that kept the German fleet in sight, followed it, and informed the Admiral by signal of all changes of course. Also that she was the boat that first engaged the *Leipzig* and the *Nurnberg*, and had been engaged 1 hour and 20 minutes when the *Cornwall* opened fire. "See *official* report," say the *Glasgow* men again! Three cheers, then, for the *Glasgow*, three for the *Kent*, and a *tiger* for the *Cornwall!*

The Baron Goes Special.

It will be noted that the Government are still treating the Baron von Bissing—whom they at first regarded as quite a safe, and now regard as quite a dangerous von to be at large in this country—with all that touching delicacy of feeling for which the British Government is noted in these affairs. The reason he was escorted to the concentration camp in Cornwallis Road, Holloway, is that "apart from the many privileges which are allowed prisoners in this camp, the Baron will be granted special accommodation befitting his position." The information is not confirmed or authorised by the Press Bureau, but it is rumoured that the Baron will be allowed out every other Sunday, one evening a week, one afternoon a fortnight, and for one hour after every meal, which is to be supplied from the Carlton or the Ritz; that his pillows are of swansdown and his sleeping chamber is scented with all the perfumes of Araby; and that a Germhun band discourses sweet music while he disrobes for the night. This is a reprisal for the Germhun treatment of interned Englishmen of good family as if they were dogs.

Sectarian Succour.

We noticed the other day an advertisement for a "Competent Anæsthetist and X-Ray Operator" for a war hospital in France. "Must be Church of England communicant," was the clause which arrested our attention and transformed our whole mind into a note of interrogation. Why? *Why* must the competent anæsthetist and X-ray operator be a Church of England communicant? Why shouldn't he be a Wesleyan, or a Baptist, or a Primitive Methodist, or a Shaker, or Quaker, or Plymouth Brother, or a Nothingarian, provided he is at the same time a competent anæsthetist and X-ray operator? Is it that the patients treated in this particular war hospital in France are themselves selected Church of England communicants, upon whom anæsthetics administered by a dissenting operator would have no effect? Thank goodness, we are not so sensitive in the matter of religious differences. When we want a tooth extracted we do not ask the dentist what is his religion, but take care that he is qualified to draw teeth. We recommend this point of view to the Hospital Secretary, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.

£100 each week for solving "Everywoman's Weekly" Money Pictures.

Intemperate.

Only too frequently the most intemperate man is the one that screams for temperance. The Rev. S. A. Johnson, preaching to the Good Templars in Birmingham Cathedral, let himself go in good Boanerges fashion, delivering what the local press described as a "strong" and "remarkable" sermon. Being himself a teetotaler, he naturally demanded that nobody else should take anything stronger than water, and, as is usual nowadays, cried out that Great Britain was in disgrace because it did not copy the "great sacrifice cheerfully made by Russia," and the "scarcely" lesser sacrifice that France had imposed upon herself. His plea was that we should follow their noble examples and adopt total prohibition. But neither country has done anything of the kind. Russia has certainly abolished the sale of vodka, but all other spirits and all wine and beers may be taken. France has forbidden absinthe. We have nothing to compare with absinthe, which is more like a drug than a drink. No other drink is taboo in France. But teetotalers ignore these plain facts, or are supremely ignorant of them. The Rev. Mr. Johnson also attacked the cinema, where, he says, "we were invited to see a dancer whose interpretation of art may be wonderful, but who hardly seems to meet the need of the hour." What footle! As though the poor denounced dancer ever set out to "meet the need of the hour"! Of course she does not. She cannot go and fight; nobody expects her to. But she can dance, and she dances. And if some poor souls can secure a moment's heart's ease by watching her on the films, where is the harm?

Sticks for Soldiers.

The "snowball" pest grows apace. A Miss Wyatt, 77, Combe Road, South Croydon, is responsible for one of the latest. Her "endless chain" postcard is headed: "Walking Sticks for Wounded," and runs: "Will you kindly send Miss Wyatt, 77, Combe Road, South Croydon, 2 penny stamps. She is collecting to buy sticks for the wounded and hundreds are wanted. Will you copy this card exactly and quickly and send it to three of your friends signing your name. Please do not break the chain, as two penny stamps and a little trouble mean so much to our brave soldiers." Miss Wyatt doubtlessly means well, but she is misguided in her method of collecting. She evidently overlooks the fact that every twopence she receives by her plan involves the expenditure of three halfpence before it reaches her; that every shilling so collected will have cost ninepence to collect! This is a very wasteful form of humanitarianism. Miss Wyatt would be better advised to advertise appealing for sticks and subscriptions for the same. The cash she receives can then be duly acknowledged, the accounts can be properly audited, and when the need is satisfied the fund can be promptly closed. But a "snowball" appeal, like Tennyson's irritating brook, is prone to go on for ever, to the embarrassment of its originator and to the material loss of his Majesty's faithful lieges.

A Loan Alone.

This world seems to be turning upside down. Unk Sam is doing his very hardest to please Germhuny, and yet—well, here is the Herr Georg Bernhard, of the *Vossische Zeitung*, regretting Unk's attitude towards the Anglo-French loan. Of course, says he, the Government of the United States have no power to prevent the loan, "but it should have indirectly obstructed its realisation." These Germhuns are always worrying about something. Instead of troubling about the American Anglo-Germhun loan, why don't they go in and borrow a bit themselves? There are reasons for believing they are still possessed of shirts.

Kicks.

There was a hot time in the old town the other night at the Millwall end of it. Sergeant Jones, of the police, found two men creating a disturbance and asked them to behave themselves, saying that he was a police-officer in plain clothes. Whereupon the two men, brothers, proceeded with their shindy, and Jones felt compelled to take one of them into custody. Soon after that the Sergeant was on the ground, thrown there, and he says that one brother kicked him on the eyebrow, and the other, remarking, "Take that," delivered another kick, making sure that he took it. A hostile crowd got round and the brothers escaped for a brief space, but were arrested in bed. Each of them expected a dire fate; one is alleged to have said, "I suppose this means chokey for me," and the other, "I don't suppose it will be a fine, and they won't let me out on bail." The Sergeant, with three wounds or bruises on the forehead, told his story, and the men were charged "with causing grievous bodily harm." Mr. Leycester, the Magistrate, soon disposed of the case, in remarkable style, too. First he reduced the charge to one of "assault"—and then discharged both prisoners. "There was no corroboration of the officer's evidence," he said. We think there was, for the Sergeant's damaged forehead had been in the witness-box. A brave officer, doing his duty in a rough time, seems to us to deserve more support and encouragement. And the two brothers—how useful their accomplishments would be in France just now!

An Unenviable Reputation.

Ffynnongroew, in Wales, has an unenviable reputation. The *Flintshire Observer* expresses it in the statement that, though "there are more men of military age and fitness in Ffynnongroew than in any other district of the county, if not in the whole of Wales," it is "regarded as hopeless as a recruiting ground." Apparently they will have nothing whatever to do even with the volunteer movement for national defence. Every effort was made recently to rally them to form a platoon of the Flintshire Volunteer Regiment. A band was engaged to lead the populace to a meeting presided over by Lord Mostyn, and addressed by Colonel Howard. All in vain. The crowd would not enter. Thus no platoon of Flintshire Volunteers will come out of Ffynnongroew. They have refused even to raise a handful of Boy Scouts. What Ffynnongroew prefers, above all things, is a chapel tea fight. Wherefore, we will try our best to obtain for it a special medal: obverse—a bun; reverse—a mug of tea.

The Beach Photographer.

The beach photographer is one of those common objects of the sea-shore that we have regarded as always harmless and sometimes useful. He can be relied on to produce a more or less speaking likeness of Angelina to send to Edward, or of Edward for Angelina, while mother and the babies "come out nicely" on a picture postcard for poor pa, sweating in the City. A man who has spent twenty years of a blameless life in "taking" children on assback or making sand-castles, is not likely to develop suddenly into an enemy of his country, but some people seem to have considered such a possibility, and have accordingly brought the Defence of the Realm Act into play upon the person of a beach photographer at Bognor, and have warned him off those sands where for a score of years he has plied his profession. It seems altogether a useless, unnecessary step, and it prevents a man of known good character from getting his living. What fantastic notion is there that he can do harm with his innocent photos of the little ones?

Make Insurance doubly assured. See page ii of cover.

THE HOUR HAS STRUCK!

THE CRIME OF NEUTRALITY—THE END IN SIGHT.

By the Editor.

Until the month of August, 1914, nothing of much moment had happened within the memory of the present generation. There had, of course, been much talk and gabble in Parliament, on the Platform and in the Press—the three "P's" of the modern Thimble-rigger—but it was empty stuff. There was a Bishop of the last century who used to say that nothing had really happened since the Reformation; and before this war broke out I cannot recall any event of the past forty years worth "writing home" about. I am not sure that I couldn't go further back, for even the Franco-Prussian war was, to a large extent, a local affair—with never more than about a million men in the field at one time—compared with which the present conflict, with its twenty-five million combatants, its ten million casualties and its eight thousand millions cost, is as a mountain to a mole-hill. Thus something *is* now happening.

More Than a War.

Indeed, I have often expressed the view that it is something more than a war—that the Teutonic and Latin races are on their trial. The Prime Minister, I am glad to say, recognised this great fact when, at the outset of hostilities, he declared that it was not merely a question of either international honour or self-preservation. "There is something even larger and wider at stake in this great testing trial of our people. There is not a man or a woman among us, if he or she be touched in the faintest degree with the sense of the higher issues which now hang in the balance, who has not during this last year become growingly conscious that in the order of Providence we have been entrusted with the guardianship of interests and ideals which stretch far beyond the shores of these islands, beyond even the confines of our widespread Empire, which concern the whole future of humanity." And that is true. We fight, we and our allies, that God may live. We fight for all the ideals which uplift nations. We fight for all the realities which make men free, which keep humanity from enslavement, which protect the weak and the defenceless from cruelty and wrong. Have you ever reflected upon what might have happened—what certainly would have happened—if we had slunk out of this war—damned for all time as the Empire which had sold the passes of civilisation and the destinies of humanity to a Frankenstein of iniquity? I do not believe the world would ever have been God's world again. Certainly it would have been the Devil's Europe; and the Devil would not have supped horror sufficient, from dead men's skulls, till he had bled it white. That is why we are fighting—why we have been fighting, and waiting, all these weary months.

And now the hour has struck! How slowly the hands have been moving! It seemed that they would never circle the great dial; but at last the booming of the hour gong reverberates through the world—and every stroke means one more warning of the Kaiser's doom. And each stroke is louder than the one before it—growing in volume and terror, till its echoes shall shake the defences of Lille, and, ere they die away, the fortresses of the Rhine and the walls of Potsdam Palace. And after that we shall have the joyous peals of victory. For how *can* we be beaten? Just reflect. If the Devil were to win, the carnage which had drenched Europe and turned nations of free men into cowering vassals and whipped slaves would presently dash in crimson breakers on American shores. The Devil triumphant in Europe would be in no mood to respect the Monroe doctrine.

Britain, France, Russia, Belgium, Italy, and Japan, therefore, constitute a Holy Alliance; and I say that, the cause it represents being the world's cause, there ought not to be outside that Alliance any nation in the world, caring for the things by which alone any people deserves to endure. Thus, this is not our war any more than it is every other nation's war. We are not in it for plunder. There is not a nation on the habitable globe which has not vital things to lose if the legions of Teutonic barbarism were to prove the victors in the struggle; not one which has not vital things to gain and keep when triumph crowns the Allies' arms. And that is why, for the life of me, I cannot understand any nation standing aside at this juncture.

The Crime of Neutrality.

To my mind, no individual and no nation can really be neutral, although politically they may be devoted to the fetish of neutrality. From motives of pusillanimity or self-interest they may hold aloof from the actual strife, but in the lists of Armageddon the future of every human soul is at stake. In the arenas of war, Force wrestles with Freedom for the dominance of a world's destinies. Despotism wars with Democracy; Love and Liberty strive to the death with Blood and Iron. No man and no people can be indifferent to the outcome of such a stupendous conflict of ideals. In Western Europe not merely the liberties of Great Britain and Belgium, of France and Italy, but the integrity of Holland and Scandinavia, and—indirectly—the whole future of America, are at stake. In the Near and Middle East the Allied Powers wage unrelenting war not merely for the independence of Russia and the emancipation of Servia, but to annihilate Turkish barbarism and to pave the way for the emergence of the Balkan States into the full light of Western civilisation. East and West, on sea and land, supreme moral and spiritual issues wait upon the dread arbitrament of arms. In this mighty tournament of souls, therefore, neutrality is a crime.

It is time this harsh word were spoken. In our diplomatic exchanges and in our public discussions we have been far too mealy-mouthed. To the neutral nations we have paid a meek homage which they have done little to deserve. We have